

### That "Buddhist Circular"

The comments, in another column, by brother B. C. Moomaw, on the "Buddhist Circular," call attention to an alarming fact. It is a shame that the Priests and Bishops and Superintendents of a heathen religion should rise up to teach Christianity a lesson on love, when the very essence of the religion of Christ is love. The comments by Brother Moomaw are to the point, and we trust all Christendom will be touched to the heart and awake to the fact that if the heathen world is to be brought to a saving knowledge of the Christ of God, it must be done by the power of the love which reigned supreme in the uplifted Christ. There are, however, a few things which must not be overlooked. Without intending to impugn the motive and deny the sincerity of these Buddhist Bishops, let the following be borne in mind: (1) Only a few years ago Japan engaged in a war with China against which these same Bishops did not lift a warning voice. (2) Japan triumphed in the struggle and demanded of China indemnity which she could not pay at the time and for which she had to mortgage her revenue as guaranty. (3) At this very time Japan has, with the other Powers, made a demand for damages. (4) The Buddhist religion is losing ground just as rapidly as Christianity is gaining ground, and it is perfectly clear to these Bishops, as it is to everybody who makes religion a study, that the triumph of Christianity means the downfall of every other religion. Is it any wonder, therefore, that they should preach a religion of love which will let their religion alone, or at least bring the religion of Christ on a level with any other religion. This can never be; Christianity is the only universal religion, the only one that appeals to all the needs of humanity in every clime and under all conditions and circumstances. It can not compromise; in its very nature a compromise with other religions is impossible. It is unique. Where it reigns other religions decline. In the days of the apostles Christianity came in contact with heathen philosophy, heathen thought and heathen religion, and the result was a mighty struggle in which Christianity triumphed. Athens with its 4,000 deities, with all its culture and philosophy, could give Paul, the apostle of Christianity, but a small audience and a brief hearing, just enough to sow the seed which afterward gave Christianity a foothold in that city of cultured thought. At Ephesus, Corinth, and in Rome, this lone preacher of the gospel of good will and peace encountered the mighty forces of heathen philosophy and religion, rooted and grounded in the very heart and soul of the people, and the result was a conflict which gave to the apostle the familiar appellation as the man "who turns the world upside down." Such has been the story of Christianity wherever it has gone, down thru the centuries, and such will be its story until evil shall cease to be. Japan is just now having a taste of Christianity, and where it gains a foothold, Buddhist temples will stand idle and the influence of Buddhism wane. China is making a tremendous effort to rid herself of the new religion; it is a struggle, a mighty conflict with Western civilization for which her decaying institutions must make way. That our missionaries in China have not always acted prudently, that they have not been cautious as they should have been, that Christianity has not, in all cases, been fairly represented, is to be both acknowl-

edged and regretted. That China sees in the triumph of Christianity the downfall of her venerable institutions, is equally true.

### The Country Preacher

In a recent number of "*The Youth's Companion*" there is a pretty and a timely article concerning the country preacher. The country preacher is a diligent, sweet spirited and sincere worker in the Kingdom of God. No servant is more devoted, more loyal than he; yet his laurels are less splendid than almost any other's. The article referred to, while it is for the entire country ministry, will be especially fitting in the Brethren Church. Her city churches are not numerous and her ministry is not high salaried. Her faithful past rs will find comfort, hope and encouragement in this article which we quote:

There was a conference of Methodist ministers at Norfolk, Virginia, recently, at which the members made reports of their work during the past year, and told what their salaries were. One man had received nothing. Another had an income of twenty-six dollars. Many, without a thought of complaint or reproach, reported sums so pitifully small as to be almost beyond relief.

The conditions are not peculiar either to that conference or to the Methodist Church. There are men in other parts of the country and in all the denominations serving, like these, for smaller wages than the hod-carrier or the crossing sweeper earns. They are the country preachers who make up the rank and file of the army of the church, and do the hardest of the work.

It is they who hold the remote outposts of civilization against religious ignorance and unbelief; who break the bread of life in little back-woods churches and gather their congregations in cross-roads schoolhouses. They beg zealously for missionary funds, they plead earnestly for money to build colleges and assist other churches; but of their own needs they say little.

They never receive "calls" from rich and influential parishes. They never open the morning paper to see their names in the head-lines and their sermons in the news column. Year after year, in patience and with smiling faces, they answer the countless petty calls upon their strength and sympathy; and when at length they fall, others, who know all the conditions, all the hardships they must face are yet willing to step into their places and carry forward their work.

The theme of the country preacher may be simple, his speech sometimes uncultured, his learning often slight; but the spirit of his faithful and ill-paid service is divine. Under the rusty old broadcloth is a figure most nobly dignified, most rarely beautiful.

Perhaps many a mind is carried back, as is ours, to the country church and the Sabbath days of childhood. And doubtless many a heart throbs with ours in tender emotion at the recollection of those blessed days. Sweetly and clearly the silver tones of the Sabbath bells are again borne on the bosom of the mountain stream to our listening ears. Distinctly does the plain white church appear at the foot of the green-clad hills. Again we hear the solemn notes of an old-fashioned hymn brought forth from the unpretentious organ by unskilled hands. Again the Bread of Life is broken to our hungry souls by the faithful servant of God, the country preacher. There is something sweetly impressive about this hour. All is still save for the lowing of the cattle on the hillsides, the thrill of the song-birds in the woods and the occasional rumbling of carriage wheels over a covered bridge near by. The sermon is simple, but it is heart-felt. The music is not very artful; there are no trained voices in the choir. A hymn comes to the writer, one that was repeatedly sung in the country church which we attended. It is, "I hear thy welcome voice." Who can say how many